

A Story of the St. Patrick's Day Parade.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC.")

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societies that take part in the procession—and some of the men are expected to be there officially. I would like to give them their wish. Won't you

me write to you for the loan of some money to buy another cow and to buy her a dress and she got very angry with me and then bust into crying, and she

the remark to the next man who boarded. And when, at the sharp turn on Fourteenth street the conductor sang out, "Hold fast!" after Mr. Maguire had only just saved himself from being thrown off the car, Mr. Maguire felt he would like to kick that conductor. He held the handle of the little bunch in his hand, coming on the car, here raised his hat to the shamrock—whereat Mr. Maguire muttered something impetive, and turned inwardly. He was not alone in this. He had been flung in his face. "And maybe," he added to himself, "that poor fella hasn't the second quarter to rub again the shamrock." He turned to the young woman, who had been helped on by a volliceman, fixing her eyes on the shamrock, muttered a prayer in Gaelic. The conductor plucked from his hat a sprig of shamrock, and handed it to the young man (a pang) and presented it to the old woman, who kissed it passionately. Mr. Maguire, disdaining even to convey an order to the conductor, himself pulled out a pocket watch, and looked at the next corner. "D—n yez all!" he said. "I'll walk it. I'd walk it. But the reverence of that poor workman, and the passion of the old woman, for the bit of green weed preyed upon his mind—preyed upon it." "Here am I, Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, and rich man, without a penny in my pocket, and I'm a—d—d nonsense, and there's people as

went hastily on his way down Fourth avenue. The old fellow was stooped and had his back turned. Myles Maguire, observing the thing was swaying between two impulses—but the hungry and the miserly—decided in favor of the industry of the poor old soul, and the something else which he did not recognize, curiously appealed to him who for seventy and thirty years had kept his heart free from all business. He started at a run after the miscreant. The latter, doubled around into Twenty-second street. But Myles Maguire, reduced to drop the little dog on the path. Myles followed a bit further, for a novel feeling of righteous indignation was upon him, and he now felt that he was eagerly kicking this fellow than the be-shamrocked conductor. But the fellow was too fast for him, and laughed back over his shoulder. Myles, kicking this fellow, picked up the flag. He was holding it in his hand and gazing at it in an abstracted fashion when an astounding and unexpected blow came on the ear, and he dropped the flag. He sprang from his grasp, drove him dizzy and staggering onto the street, where he just escaped being run down by a cab, but did not care. He was too busy with his lavish and wholehearted abuse.

"Ho-o-o! ye ecundhrul ye! Ye gaught yerself purty smart, did ye? Ye gaught old hunched-back man, did ye? Ye thought ye was shaking his feet

"Within an ace iv knockin' the consait out o' me. Hiv hah' hah'!"

"Within an ace iv knockin' the consait o' i' ye? But, Myles, don't ye mind I did knock the consait clean out o' me," said he, "and how I doubled ye over the stone ditch!" he pounded ye till ye called 'Marcy'!"

"But begin' yer pardon, Jaimie, yer min' i's slightly at fault. You mind it was me," said he, "who over the ditch an' luhdered yer till you shouted 'Marcy'!"

"Myles Maguire," said Jaimie, feelingly, "I'm ashamed i' ye."

"I'm ashamed i' ye," Myles said, "no, but I'm heartily ashamed i' you."

"I'm very sorry, indeed, that ye force it out o' me—but, Milsner Maguire, I must be a liar."

"Milsner Maguire," said Mr. Maguire, "I'm very sorry, indeed, to say it—but, you're a notorious liar."

"I see no other way out iv it," said Mr. Harcourt, "and ye go into the grove beyont an' settle it."

"Done!" said Mr. Maguire.

In the silence and obscurity of the grove, both doffed coat and vest, tied their suspenders round their waists and rolled up their sleeves, just as they had done forty years before, under the old Bush. They squared up at each other.

"Jaimie," said Myles, "I don't like to strik' ye in cowl' blood. Please to aggravate me."

his arm, "did me poor mother count the berries going into the pot?"

"She didn't—Myles."

"Jaimie, who's the liar—me or you?"

"I'm the liar, Myles."

"An', Jaimie, did you give for 'marcy' that day under the Lazy Bush?"

This one gave poor Jaimie lengthened pause.

"I say again, Jaimie, who?" Myles held the awe-inspiring knuckle scientifically.

Jaimie saw the knuckle, and he said:

"It was me axed for 'marcy,' Myles, me, and I gave."

"Nought!" he exclaimed if I believe it."

"That's all right, Jaimie, give us a grip of yer fist. So long as ye give in to the truth, ye're free to believe wot ye like."

They shook hands heartily. Myles helped up his fallen friend. Each helped to dress and smooth out the other; and then they went back to the picnic party, spent a most jovial evening, and went home mellow, both, and happy.

To young Donoh MacAteer of Corra-clamp Upper, Meenadrig, P. O. county of Tyrone, and Ireland, addressed a letter containing a respectable check, and a promise to pay all charges incurred in polishing a priest out of the aforesaid Godhead. The letter was signed in the past tense, the letter said, "but for the time to come, please God, your poor mother."

**Delinquent Assessment Notice.**  
NEW ERIE MINING COMPANY,  
secretary's office, Salt Lake City, March  
5, 1900. Notice—There are delinquent upon  
the assessment of \$2.00 per share, made  
of assessment No. 2, levied Feb. 2, 1900,  
the several amounts set opposite the  
names of the respective stockholders as  
follows, viz.:

Cert. No.	Shares.	Am't.
10—Wm. Tullion	2,500	\$5,000
11—J. H. Stallings	250	500
12—Wm. Tullion	250	500
40—E. R. Eldredge	5,000	10,000
42—G. S. Hayes	1,000	2,000
43—G. S. Hayes	1,000	2,000
44—G. S. Hayes	5,000	10,000
54—W. F. Salmon	2,000	4,000
55—E. R. Eldredge	2,000	4,000
56—O. Bourdon	1,500	3,000
56—T. M. Mumford	2,500	5,000

and the balance of the shares of the stockholder of the board of directors, and the balance of the shares of each of the above stock, as may be necessary, will be sold by public auction at the office of the New Erie Mining company, room 309 McMorris building, at the corner of 1st North and 2nd West streets, at 10 o'clock, p. m. on Monday, March 20, 1900, to pay delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN T. HODSON, Secretary,  
Salt Lake City, March 5, 1900.

**Delinquent Assessment Notice.**  
NEW KLONDIKE MINING COMPANY,  
Secretary's office, Salt Lake City, March  
5, 1900. Notice—There are delinquent upon  
the following described stock,  
on account of assessment No. 2, levied  
Feb. 2, 1900, the several amounts set  
opposite the names of the respective stockholders as follows, viz.:

Rank	Name	Shares.	Amount.
33	J. A. Smith	1,000	2 40
34	W. C. Smith	1,000	2 40
42	D. D. Wheadon	11,000	28 00
43	A. D. Wheadon	11,000	28 00
44	D. E. Reed	1,000	2 40
53	J. T. Hodson	500	1 20
54	J. T. Hodson	500	1 20
55	J. T. Hodson	500	1 20
56	J. T. Hodson	500	1 20
57	J. T. Hodson	500	1 20
61	J. T. Hodson	2,000	5 00
62	J. H. Stallings	1,000	2 40
63	H. Stallings	2,000	5 00
71	J. H. Stallings	1,000	2 40
72	H. Stallings	2,000	5 00
73	J. H. Stallings	1,000	2 40
74	H. Stallings	2,000	5 00
75	H. Rhead	50	.12
76	S. M. Brown	50	.12
77	A. D. Wheadon	4,800	12 00
78	R. D. Reed	10	.25
89	J. S. Salmon	17	.43
123	Joseph Gillett	2,000	5 00
124	G. W. Salmon	2,000	5 00
161	W. W. Salmon	2,000	5 00
167	W. W. Salmon	1,000	2 40
168	W. W. Salmon	1,000	2 40
173	J. T. Hodson	2,000	5 00
207	J. T. Hodson	2,000	5 00
208	R. K. Woolstenhulme	2,000	5 00
209	R. A. Woolstenhulme	2,187	5 48
210	W. W. Salmon	2,000	5 00
211	O. Bourdon	1,000	2 40
228	O. Bourdon	1,000	2 40

And in the board of directors, made Feb. 3, 1900, so many shares of each parcel of above stock as may be necessary will be sold at auction at the office of the New Klondike Mining company, 333 D. F. Walker building, Salt Lake City, Utah, at 2 o'clock p. m. on Friday, March 23, 1900, to pay delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

F. A. DRUEHL, Secretary,  
333 D. F. Walker Building.

A black and white woodcut illustration depicting a theatrical performance. In the center, a man in a top hat and dark coat is riding a white horse. He is surrounded by several other men in top hats and formal attire, some holding poles or flags. The scene is set outdoors with trees and a building in the background. The style is characteristic of 19th-century book illustrations.

"In which he bore aft again the flag. 'Hoo-o-o-ye! ye vagabone! who'd have thought ye had so much soundness!' and he'd like to blech ye if I had the time, and wasn't loth to dirty me hands on ye! Hoo-o-o-!" and he disappeared into Fourth avenue leaving Myles Maguire still standing. He instantly rolled racing to the side of his head, and trying to arrange his dazed wits.

When he got them fairly arranged he strode back to the Victor building, and the old man had planted his little flag again and was proceeding with his work, but he saw Myles Maguire coming. He straightened up, his sleeves fell into fighting posture, and defiantly yelled, "Come on, you! Belzbybaw!"

"Sir!" shouted Patrick Aloysius O'Connell, who, he went on to say, now on the ground, "how do you mean?"

"I mane to want seven devils out of that ool curmeudgeon, who's after thrin' to make a bare iv me after me own innit! I want seven devils to catch the waffer he's talls disappearin' roun' the corner he was gone with it."

"Hish, that's Mr. Maguire, the contractor for the Victor."

"That's the name, I ardin if he was Sant Fether himself, an' contractin' for Purgatory. I wouldn't stand the same thrallment at his hands," and he looked the contractor straightly in the eyes, and said this.

Myles Maguire's wrath evaporated—went to his own astonishment. Deter-

mother (God rest her!) count the praties when she'd be puttin' them in the pot!"

"Ho, ye soundhrill!" yelled Myles, venomously, and he emphasized the remark by a terrific blow on Long Jamie's stomach.

In an instant a hot and fierce encounter was in progress. Myles found he had not the strength to grapple with the thumb-knuckle which, digging into his antagonist, used to deal damage in the after school fights, and made a display of admiration, respect and even awe, towards his comrade.

On the other hand, Jamie made good use of the swinging sledge-hammer stroke that half a century ago he had received, and made a specialty. For five minutes they were at it, hammer and mallet, with hearty good will. They were once more boxing beneath the ribs, with encouraging comrades cheering them on, and did not know whether Master Muldoon was with them or not, for they were fighting for glory, and absorbed in the dream of life.

But, soon Jamie Haraghey was not so fortunate. He was a good deal winded as good. After five minutes he was puffing hard; and then a timely and happily-placed punch of Myles', put him in a good mood for his gastronomic machinery did him up. He sat down hurriedly, and, when he could be spared out:

"M-M-Myles—that's cuoon-noth!"

"The fives were worth a sorry. Still, he had a duty to perform."

"Jamie," said he, as he stood over

will not find me so. I am going home this summer to find if Knocknagare hill is so good for the trout as the flowers say it is used to, and if the trout are as plenty as ever in the burn at the back of Phelim McGinley's garden (God rest him).

At many subsequent Patrick's dinners Myles Maguire, in the saddle (sometimes) was a proud and conspicuous—if not unsteady—figure.

Myles Maguire went home again and again for many summers, and his eyes (sometimes) saw the Corpus Christi that he sat in the old chapel and heard Fr. Donogh MacAteer of the black head and handsome, thoughtful face, read his first mass—

—and he turned to look at his sister Ellen, her bowed head and frame were trembling as she sobbed with joy. "Myles," she whispered, "Myles, I'm happy to see you. I did not think I should see you, now. May the good God bless an' reward you, me brother."

"Whisht! Arrah, whisht, with ye, woman!" Myles said, reproachfully. "The good God bless you, from the heart, and sink with Ellen's into the sacred clay floor."

**On Every Bottle**

of Sello's Consumption Cure is the guarantee: "All the contents of this bottle are yours. If you are to use two-thirds of the contents of this bottle faithfully, then, if you can say you are not benefited, return the bottle to your druggist and he may refund the money paid for it. Price 45 cents, 50 cents, and \$1. Z. C. M. I. drug department,

posite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows, viz:	Shares.	Am't.
33 J. A. Smith.....	1,000	5 00
34 A. H. Wheddon.....	1,000	5 00
35 D. C. Wheddon.....	11,000	55 00
44 David Rees.....	3,000	15 00
45 J. T. Hodson.....	500	2 50
53 J. T. Hodson.....	500	2 50
54 J. T. Hodson.....	500	2 50
55 J. T. Hodson.....	500	2 50
61 J. T. Hodson.....	2,000	10 00
62 J. T. Hodson.....	2,000	10 00
63 J. H. Stallings.....	1,000	5 00
71 J. H. Stallings.....	1,000	5 00
72 J. H. Stallings.....	500	2 50
85 J. S. Salmon.....	500	2 50
87 D. C. Wheddon.....	4,800	24 00
88 J. S. Salmon.....	100	5 00
89 J. S. Salmon.....	177	8 85
123 Joseph Gillett.....	2,000	10 00
149 G. W. Bullock.....	2,000	10 00
156 W. W. Salmon.....	2,000	10 00
167 W. W. Salmon.....	1,000	5 00
176 J. T. Hodson.....	2,000	10 00
207 J. T. Hodson.....	1,000	5 00
218 R. A. Woolstenhulme.....	2,000	10 00
224 R. A. Woolstenhulme.....	1,000	5 00
242 Thos. M. Mumford.....	500	2 50
258 O. Bourdon.....	1,500	7 50
260 O. Bourdon.....	1,000	5 00

And in accordance with law and the order of the board of directors, made Feb. 12, 1900, the shares of said corporation above stock as may be necessary will be sold at auction at the office of the New York and Erie Real Estate Company, 315 E. Market building, Salt Lake City, Utah, at 2 o'clock p. m. on Friday, March 23, 1900, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

**J. A. DREUHL, Secretary,**  
**315 D. F. Walker Building.**

**"A MOUNTED MARSHAL ORDERED HIM BACK."**

please approve? We have progressed so well with the building since the beginning of February that we can easily afford it—there is now no doubt; but that we will have it finished easily before the expiration of the contract term. Please reply at once, saying that I have your approval. Faithfully,

**"PATRICK ALOYSIUS O'ROURKE."**

"Gavigan, Patrick Aloysius O'Rourke is too damned impudent to have the nose on him to ask such a thing. And he thinks, too, I can't see through him. He's as transparent as a dry goods wulda to me. The sounderl means that we wants to straddle to some old horse, and he's got to have a fine, lively stable, and have a square yard of green calico alongside that procession on Patrick's day. What do you

went down to the room and cried a long time with the dore-shit. I will be 12 years next bonfire night, and I am a able big fellow and able to work hard in America. I send you all our loves and my mothers love, for I kno she would send it for she always gives out a prair for you every knight when we are at the Rosary, for God to guard. And I prosper Uncle Myles, and keep his heart right. Write some, and I lay down my pen and ink and remain,

"Your affectionate nephew,

**"DONOCH MCATEER."**

"P. S.—Please

When Johnnie Gavigan laid down the letter he inserted a knuckle under each glass of his spectacles, and forced them up over his twinkling eyes, though his employer glared fiercely at him.

poor as God made them, an' the wurrl' as general, and they—they—Oh, d—n it all!" Flung out from windows were green flags, to which the burly drivers of two wagons raised their hats as they passed, their eyes dancing with some gleeful remembrance. Most of the wagons had stuck upon their horses' harness little green flags, each of which represented two schooners of lacer beef. The drivers of the wagons, too, hundreds of hurrying foot passengers, sported some piece of green—a very few, with pardonable pride, displayed the shamrock. The brightness of the green was a contrast to the dullness to blend with the brightness of heart that shone out. And, strangely, the very poorest seemed to sport as brightly a face as the most well-to-do.

Mr. Myles Maguire, contractor and

mined to be astoundingly generous he deferred even to explain. He told how the thing really did happen:

"Look here, now," said the old fellow, when he had heard him out. "Ye don't mend matters a bit, at all, all, if ye don't get the 'invited ye, an' we are as we stood at the beginnin'." I forgive ye, but never thry the same thrick again on me. Good mornin' to ye, now, but ye won't help me with me work don't hinder me."

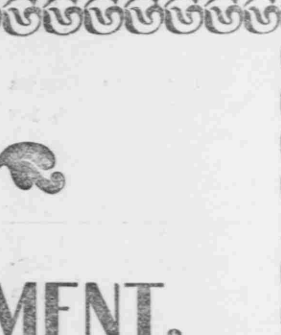
As Myles Maguire sneaked into the building with Patrick & Aloysius O'Rourke, the other three men, which falls upon a man who has been discovered in a very mean act.

III.

When Mr. Maguire informed Mr. O'Rourke that, on second considerations, he had decided to meet the men on the building should have a half holiday, Mr. O'Rourke was only slightly surprised. But when he got down to

**Z. C.**  
**CLO.**

**E. M. I.**  
**AK DEPART**



TMENT.

"Poor Johnnie curled up within himself, for he had been done the injustice of being called a fool for that day; he had put past enough money to hire a horse, and he had been trying to muster a couple of dollars for Mr. O'Rourke for the holiday. He wrote in his shell, and did not reply.

"He shrunk O'Rourke at once these words, and sent them be a messenger, 'I'd see you and the two-thirds of the men who are as big fools as yourself damned well know that you're a fool, and on Thursday, to see how many men will be dismissed to the devil for staying in connection with the wren from the down'." If that procession of out-of-works, lazy devils, and tom-fools goes along Twenty-third street, and if one of them is a man, and if he is a man to look at them I'll be there to order you give him his dismissal.' Let Patrick McGuire to O'Rourke put that in his pocket for a joke."

Johnnie Gavigan sighed deeply, but

171 Broadway, and there notified the patient and faithful Johnnie Maguire that he would be home in a half holiday. Johnnie was startled.

"Gavigan, what time does that parade start, and where does it go?"

"At 2:30," said the bewildered, elated Johnnie, "at 2:30 from Madison Square."

"Well, good mornin' Gavigan, an' a pleasant day to ye."

Johnnie went off in a half-dazed way. There's something queer wrong with me," said Myles Maguire. "Johnnie said to himself—'an' I'm half asered' it with Myster Maguire."

And then, the next afternoon, Johnnie, in one of the few lucid intervals he had on horseback (for the honor of riding a horse once a week was his only pleasure), told Johnnie's case) noticed on the fringe of the procession Myles Maguire decorated with a great green plume, and a great green plume, and altogether his normally elusive seat.

Yes, Myles Maguire, contractor and builder, for the first time in his life, had been in the United States, America, had

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**Spring Show**  
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offly, as he wrote:

"1971 Broadway, Tuesday Mning.  
"Dear Mr. Rourke—Much as I should wish it otherwise, I regret extremely that I cannot possibly afford to let the men eat a holiday on the occasion of the centenary of the rebellion, as I am unable to do so in all honor. I sincerely trust the good men and true who on that day turn out to do honor to St. Patrick and Ireland, will be favored with glorious weather and a fine day. I am sure it will surpass all that be possible—those of former years in numbers, respectability, order and general elicit. Very sincerely,  
"Yours truly,  
"MR. JAMES MAGUIRE."

Mr. Maguire, contractor and builder, had been knitting his brows over another letter, while Johnnie Gavigan was, with a clamorous pen, scratching the foregoing.

"I said he, 'the wurri' is going mad,"

Johnnie was not as much startled as might have been expected by this piece of amazing intelligence, for he had been told by his master that he had been springing it on him every morning for the last twenty-five years.

day to go processin' with a crowd of equally damned fools, thrappin' them with the bludge, and then ribbons, and squanderin' couple o' pence on the poor for the pleasure of therr'n' behind a web of green calico, throwin' out their chests and throwin' up their chins, and sayin' that they were grand and fair air that their great-grandfathers used to dance to. And then here's these people in Ireland'—me, one sister, me own sister Ellen, no less—turnin' a deaf ear to the words of the Lord and becomin' a priest or a practioner when it would be fitter (both for themselves and him) that they were teachin' him which list to put foremost on a spade-handle, and then to be makin' a fool every day, when it's in the ditch-sheugh they should have him half the time. No wonder! No wonder! Small wonder there's poverty and hardships in Ireland, and starvation in America. It's seven an' thirty years, Gavigan, since I and me little bundle were thrown out of the ship on American soil, without the face of a friend to help us. I'll be a grand old man afore I can to say, 'There ye are, Myles Maguire! and the devil send ye may prosper'."

dirty Ireland who had been grinding at the mill of St. Patrick's day, and with his hand organ, and who then, in way of thanks gave them a representation of a wretch dying by slow torture, from which, by a desperate stretch of imagination, they were supposed to fancy they were suffering.

Now, Myles had remained 'ah' a block away till the agony was ended, and when he came up he found that a hunch-backed old fellow who was at work on the wall, and who had a little 'no' Irish flag on a barrel by his side. Myles stood looking from the man to the flag, and from the flag back to the man.

"'Tis a gay mornin', Mистер," the old fellow said, going on with his work.

After a little Myles Maguire asked, "How long are you from Ireland, fren'?"

"Ah, froth, too young. Nineteen years comin' on."

"An', till me, do ye ever think of Ireland now?"

The old fellow looked up at him sideways for a moment. "Isn't it early in the day for the beginnin' yer larkin'?" he said then.

"Do ye ever expect to go back to

come to join in this procession of "out-of-works, lazy devils and tom-fools." He had tried to drop casually into the parade line, but the marshal, who was unfussy, but a mounted marshal ordered him "back to the devil out liv that, aye join yer own section." When Myles Maguire looked at the marshal he discovered that his name was the same as the fellow, his own workman, who had that morning generously forgiven him for a mean trick of which he had not been guilty.

He tried to melted away backward. He tried to impose himself upon several succeeding sections, but with equal ill-luck each time. At the tail of the parade, only, he found welcome—among a band of ragged vagabonds.

The welcoming shouts and cheers that greeted them along the route, the handkerchiefs and the flags waved to them from window and doorstep, every man, woman and child, who came personally to himself, and waxed proud over and strutted. Before he had covered a score of blocks Myles Maguire was the vainest man and had the most beautiful strut of all the parade participants, and to the arkward limbed.

NEW FABRICS!

*The "Pebble"*

Is one of the latest  
creation of all  
DURABLE

*Then The*

NEW WEAVES!!

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**Double Cheviot**

the new weaves that will  
all who see it. It has  
QUALITY COMBINED.

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NEW STYLES!!!

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BEAUTY AND

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lengthy fellow who proceessed on his left he proudly imparted the intelligence that he was a member of the "Irishman". The big fellow's reply—rather a remark to himself—"I wish to the Lord they could see us in Meentior," disappeared into the air, and he went on with one from his own parish. Both, to their delight, soon found that they were old comrades and school fellows. "I've got a grand story to tell you, a fine fiaragney, I've got in me pocket here a pint of poteen that was brewed on the west side of Knockree, and I've jolly good slug for old time's sake." And in Morningside park, where they met, they stayed for some time, and the poteen and transported themselves again to Tyrone. For more than thirty years Myles had wasted very little of his life and energy in the world upon Tyrone, yet it was surprising how freshly and vividly old times, old friends, old scenes crowded into his memory, and he could not but glibly say, "An' the Master, too," said Long.

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ng and particularly adapt-  
figures alike.

"Johnnie started. And he read with (the) most diffident expression the caligraphy was certainly immature."

"Corraclagh Upper, Meenadhing PO,  
County of Tyrone."  
June the 3<sup>d</sup>, 1893.

"Dear Uncle Mike, I have been my pen to write you these few lines, hoping it will find you as thank God it leevs us at present in the best of helth except wee Jansie the hoop-and-coffi. Myself I go to school to Master Rainey who's a miller and he says I am a notwarys scollar and that I was born to be a priest, which I want to be very bad. But of course my poor father has the right to name me to spare to make a married out of me. Michael Burns of Tulivalt that was in America 10 years and five in Locallity, says it is far cheeper to be a clergyman. So, as ever, I hope you comes home telled how rich Uncle Mike is, I thought I would ask you to pay my passage out there and I would then send some enugh of money to get back here. I would like to see you then for you and I would pay you back my passage money very soon. Dear

because I'm not a boastin' man. Gar- gishan, there's an example for yer foolish Irish to copy after! What do ye sez to that, as Hevoked his beard, did not reply audibly. But he was thinking, "I am only a poor clerk myself, worth just Riddim and a struggle with the wurrl'! Just in my hands--yet Myles Maguire, with the big bank account and no wan in the wurrl' to fret about but yerself, would yer bitterly if I could swap places with you, an' have to take over your heart into the bargain."

Johnnie Maguire was, of course, one of the foolish Irish.

II.

"A glorious day, this, for the procession sir!" Myles Maguire was standing on the rear platform of a Broadway car, and by way of reply to the remark scowled severely at the conductor, who made it, and who had put him in the bunch of fools so mounted in his cap. The conductor, quite disconcerted, whistled up "God Save Ireland!" and repeated hard work an' me sons 'ill take me over, an' meself an' the old woman 'ill be the man or the active."

Myles Maguire was reflective, for some time.

"Are ye goin' to the parade today?" he said.

"O sweet good luck to the conductor, no. Bad wind to him! An' he's an Irishman, too, they say. His name's Irish enough. But the heart in him--he's got the like at all, at all, which is the worst of black, Sarras, saize him. If a tenth of the other men the men has been prayin' on these two days be heard, I wouldn't like to be in his boots. A nighard he is, he's the thing class."

Mylor Maguire was feeling slightly uncomfortable. "May Saint Patrick chaik it up on the cross bar iv heaven's gates, turn the villain on the face, an' turn him away has he's a nighard to travel thro' there afther he gives his last gasp. No, I'm not goin'; an' that's the second time, only, that I've missed the parade in the nineteen years I'm in Ameriky."

A mischievous American scamp snatched with him the little flag and

"Faith, an' I do," said Myles, smiling a reflective smile; "do ye mind the day Micky Meehan made him sit down in his cashpot?"

"I do—I do!" That was a hard day. An' do you mind the day we tied him to the stanchion in the school gavel? Another wild day."

"I mind that. An' I mind the day he made me mount me on your back till he'd dog me for brakin' in Donald O'Donnell's doore."

"I mind that, Myles, as if it was yesterday. Bekase I was so long he thought he'd make a awful in' of me."

"He called me his assistant teacher, bekase on my back he flogged larmen and manners inter me. An' do you mind, Myles, the day you an' me fought an' malavogued each other at the Lads' Budee? You s'arret your mother counted the prutles when she was puttin' them in the pot?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Upon my soul, I do that, Jaimie. But that a thousand match was a'ways a'gainst myself, so I putty boxer, but on that day, Jaimie, you were

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